

IN SEARCH OF MARGUERITE

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

She paused, and a bright flush covered her fair face.

"As far as I can calculate, I must be twenty years old," she said. "I have decided that it is time to act. My life is all before me. Am I to let it be spoiled by this dreadful bond? I will find the creature, calling himself a man, who is guilty of such unheard-of cruelty as to marry a girl—a mere child—and basely desert her! If necessary, I will spend years in search of him!" She was silent for a few moments—tears were on her long eyelashes, her face was set with emotion. "Will you help me?" she asked then, with bewitching sweetness.

Mr. Martineau looked down at her—they had both risen.

"What fate would you consider had enough for the delinquent—if we find him?" he asked.

"Ah, I should not care so much what became of him, provided I could but be free!" sighed Marguerite.

"I would give a great deal to be able to set you free," he said, with a long breath. "If you will put the case into my hands, I will see what I can do."

A brief dialogue on the technical points of the case followed, in which he pledged himself to search for the will; then, with shy thanks, she held out a hand in leave-taking.

"I shall be eternally grateful to you," she said.

"One day I'll remind you of that promise," was his reply.

CHAPTER V.

Marguerite's small figure attracted but little notice as she threaded her way through the city with the air of a girl well used to London. She took her seat in the train at Broad Street station, and was carried—through Midland Park and Dalston—on to a poverty-stricken part of East London. Alighting from a second-class compartment, she at once encountered a

"I fancy he thought the whole thing rather hopeless at present. We have so little to go upon, you see! My ignorance of the names is so dreadful, and there seems to be no way of finding the place where my uncle lived. There was nothing distinctive about the scenery—just commonplace hedges and lanes. It would be of no use to advertise for Cathie. Mr. Martineau thinks she would not answer. My uncle would take care of that."

"If he still lives," said Bernard—"which I trust he does, that I may have the pleasure of horsewhipping him."

"Oh, Bernard!"

"Yes; and as for that other fellow, if he comes within reach of me, let him beware. Marguerite, didn't Martineau agree that this so-called marriage of yours was a mockery—a thing to be set at naught?"

"He said he thought it could be set aside," answered Marguerite, blushing. "On the ground that I was of unsound mind at the time; but to do that we want witnesses, and a certificate of the marriage, and all that."

"Ah, yes!" said Bernard, thoughtfully. "That marriage register is the thing. I have been thinking over one or two things with regard to that, my darling."

"Bernard, you are not to say that."

"Marguerite, this is all folly on your part."

"It is not so," she said, with almost a sob. "I am right—I know I am. So long as this terrible barrier is between you and me, Bernard, there shall be no love-making. Think—that what it would be for me afterwards if—"

"You are tired out, my dearest, and you take the worst view. We shall come out of this affair all right," he returned reassuringly. The strong pressure of his arm comforted her.

"If I could only remember what I did!" she said, wiping away one or

two tears. "It is so dreadful to think that I may have done almost anything when I was out of my mind! But tell me, Bernard—let us leave this dreadful talk—tell me what you have been thinking of with regard to that marriage register."

"Well," replied the young man, "I've been putting two and two together, and an idea occurs to me. The governor found you at Paddington—you recollect that the place you came from was by the sea. Now, the seaside places to which one goes by the Great Western are chiefly in Devonshire and Cornwall. Some of the places there are so much out of the world that it is quite possible the inhabitants don't read a London paper. I have been thinking of offering a reward such as would really be a temptation and inserting it in all the Devonshire and Cornwall local papers."

"How clever of you, Bernard!" she said; then, wonderingly—"Mr. Martineau never suggested that!"

"Mr. Martineau hasn't such a stake to play as I have," answered Bernard, dropping his persuasive voice to a lower key. "But, to continue—the place to which they took you to marry you would probably be an out-of-the-way place, yet, I think, not a very small one—they would not care to attract notice. Ah, how I wish I were a rich man for your sake, Marguerite! I would search every register in the kingdom at my own expense, but I would find the name of the man who so wronged you!"

"Dear!" she looked at him with grateful, eloquent eyes. "But perhaps he married me under a false name?" she suggested.

"Of course he might have done so," he assented, with a sigh. "If, however, as I can't help supposing, he married you to obtain money, he would be rather careful to have everything strictly en règle, and would probably use his own name. Ah, Marguerite, if my old godmother would only take it into her head to die and leave me all her fortune!"

"Ah, Bernard, if the sky were to rain gold, it would not set me free!"

"Yes, it would," he affirmed, with conviction. "You should be free if only I had the money—free to tell me you loved me."

"Bernard, Bernard, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't say words you will one day wish unsaid."

"Marguerite, you insult me by your distrust."

"It is for your sake, Bernard, my own dear—"

A FRENCH JOKE.

Parisian Journalist Asked to Began Rehearsal of Parliamentary Bell.

An interesting hoax has been perpetrated by a prominent Parisian journal at the expense of its contemporaries, says the London Standard. As recorded some days since, M. Deschanel, in the course of one of his noisy sittings of last session, broke the historic bell placed on his desk to call the deputies to order. The journal in question announced that there was to be an interesting rehearsal today, when with the ushers to imitate the noisy deputies, a trial of a number of new bells would be made with a view of selecting a successor to M. Fiechet's gift, which had done duty since 1850. The result was that a crowd of Parisian journalists were early in attendance at the Palais Bourbon, with a view of ascertaining the hour at which this interesting ceremony was to take place. Courteous ushers, who, no doubt, from their long experience would make model deputies, were there, as usual, to greet them; but nothing was known of the trial, and the journalist responsible for the original paragraph has the satisfaction of knowing that he deranged at least fifty of his conferees, caused much amusement at the chamber, and afforded a subject for gossip in the evening at the clubs. M. Deschanel, the president of the chamber, is still in this country; but on his return eight new bells, which have been cast, will be submitted to him, and the chosen three will be further embellished with the initials "R. F." One of these bells will be placed in the chamber, one kept for reserve, and the other sent to Versailles for the use of future congresses. It seems that when M. Deschanel broke the bell belonging to the chamber, that from the congress hall at Versailles, also of historical association, for it has assisted at each of the seven presidential elections, was requisitioned, only, however, to almost immediately share at the vigorous hand of the president of the chamber a fate similar to that of the conferees it had been called in to replace, and which it has now also gone to join in the parliamentary museum.

TO BRING ABOUT SLEEP.

The Half Hour Before Bedtime Should Be Quietly Spent.

Difficulties in going to sleep are sometimes physical more than mental, says the Spectator. The physical, under ordinary circumstances, are due to the circulation. The following are a few practical hints: Some sleep better half sitting up with three pillows, some better with none; some with little covering, some with much. Hot drinks or a hot bath just before sleep, hot bottles to the feet, are often useful. Tobacco often increases sleeplessness. Sometimes, after long waking, a small meal will bring sleep. Some, especially invalids, will wake after two or three hours; a cup of hot, fresh tea will often send them to sleep again. Sometimes the darkness seems exciting and one can sleep with a lighted candle. Intermittent noises, as of a rattling window, are always bad, but a continuous noise is often a lullaby. Moderate fatigue aids, but exhaustion prevents sleep. Oftenest sleeplessness is mental and springs from a want of self-control. Either one subject engrosses the mind or a succession of ideas. In either case the sleepless must make the effort to stop thought. It is best done by attending continuously to some monotonous and unexciting idea which is self-hypnotism. Some count, some breathe slowly as if asleep, some look at imaginary sheep going through a gate. One of the best ways to watch those curious appearances which come to closed eyes, a purple hare fading into a star, which becomes an irregular line, and again changes to something else. They can't be seen when first sought, but will come with a little patience. In all these the purpose is to fix the attention on some object which will arouse no associations. It requires steady effort to do this and to prevent the thoughts wandering, but exercise increases the power to succeed. The half hour before bedtime should be spent quietly.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

A Costume of Lavender Foulard—Castellane Traveling Costume—Sleeves in Summer Made to Counterbalance Tightness of Skirts—A Petticoat Novelty.

She Walks in Beauty. She walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eyes. Thus mellow'd to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half-impaired the nam'dless grace Which waxes in every raven tress, Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express, How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent, A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent!

Sleeves in Summer.

Sleeves are becoming an objective point in the costume. This is probably due to the extreme tightness of the skirts and the desire to increase the width of the shoulders as a counterbalance. Plain sleeves are becoming only in a perfectly formed woman, and hence the efforts of the modistes to introduce them have failed. Among the sleeves seen on eight imported gowns, the first sleeve is that of an apple-colored satin. It is cut in a point on an epaulette of mousseline de soie. The bottom is cut out in points upon a puffing of mousseline. There is a vine of embroidery at the top and at the hand. The second sleeve is that of a plain cashmere gown, and is made elegant and becoming by tucks. The third sleeve is that of a wool challie. It is cut in two plaits on each side under a rosette; the top is open upon a plaiting of mousseline de soie, with small ruffles. The fourth sleeve is that of a silk poplin gown, with guipure insertion and ruffles of mousseline. The fifth belongs to a tailor-made gown, and the sixth is that of a mauve wool, cut into several parts and fastened down by buttons. The seventh sleeve is that of a gray poplinette gown, the edges finished with ruffles of mousseline de soie. The last sleeve, of black satin, has the upper part covered by guipure, which is framed by loops of ribbon. Sleeves will in the near future form a still more important part of the gown than they do even now.

As to the tight skirts, there is something almost shocking about the swathing lines which now so unequivocally reveal the entire figure of a fashionable woman. She has divested herself of every possible morsel of inside drapery which it is given her to discard, and wears her frocks "neat," to quote a big man milliner, over combinations or long woven vests which reach to the knee where they are joined by lace or silk bonnets. Of course, this new skirt, fitted as it is without a single wrinkle over the back, when trailing a foot or two in length over green lawn or velvet pile carpet, is all very well; but how about the half-attempted, half-accomplished version of the country dressmaker, who just misses the right curves and grows creases in the wrong places? Then, indeed, the drastic movement is obvious. The new dresses in her hands become deeds of disaster instead of things of beauty, and there is much gnashing of teeth over disappointed ambitions.

A Petticoat Novelty.

In these days when so much depends upon the fit of the dress skirt around the hips and the exact fullness around the foot, the silk petticoat is an article of much importance. The very latest skirts are cut with circular yokes and fitted carefully and smoothly around the figure, with no gathers at the back. All kinds of brilliant plaid and striped goods come for fashioning these skirts, silk being a prime favorite, and they are trimmed as delicately and elaborately as any evening gown.

A very pretty skirt was made of coral pink taffeta, with large black squares scattered through it. A deep circular ruffle was added at the knee. This was trimmed with double ruffles, accordion plaited and finished with a narrow heading of shirred chiffon. Bows of black satin ribbon were set around the foot of the skirt at frequent intervals. Flounces made of alternate rows of ribbon and lace insertion are another fancy, and plaitings of black and white net trimmed with rows of ribbon are a very effective trimming. For a very dainty decoration plaitings of chiffon cannot be surpassed, and in every case ribbon is employed, this being considered a very elegant feature of the fashionable petticoats.

The Tennis Girl's Attire.

The tennis girl has changed her costume but little since last season. She has given up petticoats, however, and wears instead divided skirts or knickerbockers. Made of pongee silk, they are cool and comfortable. Madapolam is a new cotton fabric quite the vogue for tennis skirts. It comes in a variety of colors, is durable and has a cord running through it. In appearance it is much like an idealized madras. Tan or black low shoes have taken the place of the high boots almost entirely for outdoor sports this summer. The bicycle girl who regarded her high boots as almost a necessity not long since is now wearing low shoes as well as her golfing sister. For the tennis girl, jackets to slip on after the game is over are many and novel this year. Among the prettiest are Eton coats with stole ends in front. These which the girls like best are made of scarlet satin faced cloth embroidered with silk tennis racquets and balls in white. Fancy little coats of this kind are fastened together merely at the corsage, where they are caught with a buckle made of two miniature tennis racquets. These tennis racquet buckles are also used to fasten the tennis girl's belt. Hand-painted quills are all the fashion for outfit hats. And it is a fad with the modern young woman to let the design on the painted quill be also used to form her belt buckle. For example, a smartly dressed outfit girl will wear a sailor made of yellow porcupine straw

COSTUME OF LAVENDER FOULARD.



An extremely pretty dress of lavender foulard, printed with design in black. The corsage is slightly open at the neck, and has small lapels, faced with guipure. The dress can be closed if desired with a small front of guipure. The bust is encircled with a high corsage of the same guipure, which falls

over the skirt in two panels, one over each hip. A broad band of guipure insertion runs around the skirt at the height of the knees and a narrow band around the bottom. The waistband is made of lavender satin. The lower part of the sleeves is of guipure.

action and induces a healthy condition of the skin. Rubbing with a soft chamois leather is excellent for the skin, giving it both smoothness and gloss.—Miss Humphry in Ladies' Home Journal.

Antique Shawls.

Lace and China crepe shawls are being used again for the new tunics. Ladies who have one of these among their antiques will find that they have quite a treasure, a treasure which modern coin cannot always secure. They make lovely tunics, double skirts and polonaises.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

Sweet Peach Pickles.

To every one pound of fruit apply half a pound of sugar; place in kettle, cover with vinegar; let it come to boil, then take out the fruit and place in a jar. Put your spices as flavoring into the kettle with the vinegar and sugar, let it come to a good boil, then pour over the fruit in the jar. Let it remain in the jar two days, then extract the liquid and boil again and pour over the fruit and seal.

Delicious Cuban Candy.

Roast one pound of shell peanuts until brown, skin them, and grind fine like coffee. Put this in a saucepan with one pint of sugar syrup and boil until thick; roll into balls the size of a large marble when cold enough to handle. Drop these balls as fast as made into a powder prepared beforehand by grinding another quarter of a pound of roasted peanuts.

Fishpash of Lamb.

Cut the pieces of lamb off the bone and chop. Use a dish about two inches deep. Put a layer of lamb, a layer of tomatoes, sliced thin, and a layer of stale bread crumbs. Season well with salt and pepper and a little celery salt. Put small pieces of butter over all and enough milk to moisten well. Bake until browned, which takes about 20 minutes.

Orange Salad.

Choose six fine oranges, peel and divide them into sections. Sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of chopped tarragon and chervil, a dessertspoonful of salad oil, the same of brandy, half a teaspoonful of sugar, and a few drops of vinegar. Pile the salad up loosely in a dish and serve when it has been thoroughly cooled in the icebox.

Raisin Cake.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and two cups flour. Jelly to put between the layers: One cup raisins, one cup of sugar, one-half cup water and one egg. Boil water and sugar together; stir the raisins and egg in when cool.

Cream Salad Dressing.

Mix one-half tablespoonful each salt and mustard, and one tablespoonful of sugar; add one egg slightly beaten, two and a half tablespoonfuls of butter and three-fourths cup of sweet cream; add slowly one-fourth cup of vinegar, cook over hot water until it thickens, then strain and cool.

Meat Balls.

Grind two and one-half pounds of round steak, one-half pound salt pork, four or five crackers; mix with one onion, two eggs, one pint of milk. Season with pepper and salt. Fry in hot butter.

Cabbage and Celery Salad.

Mix equal parts of fine-cut celery and shredded cabbage with one cup of salad dressing. Serve in bowl made of cabbage head.

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Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

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The Council of Women.

The variety of subjects dealt with by the International Council of Women has been amazing. Five sessions met every day, and the flood of oratory may be guessed. Perhaps the most striking discussion was that on "Murderous Millinery." The birds especially had splendid champions. The appeals for the preservation of woodland songsters were both eloquent and touching. There was not so much running down of men, but an effort was made to organize a plan by which women might find their way into more of those occupations once monopolized by men than they do now. Miss Virginia C. Meredith, one of the United States delegates, was the leading speaker in the discussion on farming. She strongly urged the breeding of horses and cattle as a first-rate and profitable business for women. Then there was the question of emigration. Speakers waxed most eloquent on the land of promise—otherwise Canada—as the real Eldorado for women in search of employment and marriageable gentlemen.

Ancient American Sleeping Cars.

L. Xavier Eyma, a Frenchman, who came to this country in 1847, wrote an article in L'Illustration of Paris, published July 22, 1848, giving his experiences on the railroads of the United States. He says that at that time the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had a length of seventy leagues and that the cost of the road was 4,116,744 francs, the receipts 3,845,456 francs and expenses 1,864,741 francs. He also gives considerable space to the interior arrangements of the sleeping cars used at that time and says that, "they are actually houses where nothing is lacking for the necessity of life and are divided into compartments and sleeping rooms, some for men and some for women." Each room held six beds or rather little couches in three tiers along the sides. He winds up his account by saying that valuables were not particularly well taken care of, as in America there "were no such things as sneak thieves."

Letter from Victoria to Napoleon.

An autograph letter from Queen Victoria, addressed the emperor of the French, dated Osborne, June 29, 1855 (in French), was sold at Sotheby's auction-rooms, London. The letter, which deplores the ministerial crisis at that time existing and apprehends others to follow, assures the emperor that no change of government would ever compromise that good understanding existing between the two countries. The price realized was 2 guineas.

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Ancient Gold.

Greek divers have discovered treasure in a Russian flagship sunk in Greek waters in 1770. Gold coins to the value of \$55,000 have already been recovered, and the divers report great stores of silver and jewels, which the storms of a century have washed out from the hulk of the old wreck.

Merely a Suggestion.

Long—Have you forgotten that \$5 you borrowed of me some time ago? Short—Oh, no; I still have it in mind. Long—Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?

Marriage in Spain.

Marriage in Spain takes place by day or at night, according to the fortune of the young people or their station in life. It will do the ceremony comes off in the early part of the morning.



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